

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE



PUBLISHED

BY
CHARLES WAGNER. A. M.
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VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

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THE

DIAMANTIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH,

CONTAINING:

CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Vol. VII.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

CONTAINING

CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.
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C Y M B E L I N E.

Vol. VII.

A

C Y M B E L I N E

A

Vol VII

* * MR. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1605. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationer's Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

Cymbeline, king of Britain.

Cloten, son to the queen by a former husband.

Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius,) disguised under the names of Polydore and
Arviragus,) Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.

Philario, friend to Posthumus,)
Iachimo, friend to Philario,) Italians.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

Caius Lucius, General of the Roman forces.

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, woman to Imogen.

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,
a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentle-
man, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Mes-
sengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Y O U do not meet a man, but
frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his king-
dom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. *Gent.* None but the king?

1. *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. *Gent.* And why so?

1. *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess, is a
thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her, — alack, good man! —
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something fail-
ing

In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2. *Gent.* You speak him far.

1. *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2. *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1. *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd successes;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,

Dy'd with their swords in hand; for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow.
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the yonngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell
me,

Is she sole child to the king?

1. *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in
knowledge

Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so
convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the
gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
mus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril: —
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest
husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!

O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
 send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure: — Yet I'll move
 him [*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! — Remain, remain thou
 here *[Putting on the ring.]*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest,
 fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Imo. O, the gods! —
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And blefs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O' disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of
my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an
eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:

You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

A man, worth any woman; over-buys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! — art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me! — 'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing! —

They were again together: you have done

[to the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience: — Peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace; — Sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit,

Enter P I S A N I O.

Queen. Fie! — you must give way:
Here is your servant. — How now, sir? What
news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes
his part. —

To draw upon an exile! — O brave sir! —
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. — Why came you from your
master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1. Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it — Have I hurt him?

2. Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1. Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2. Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2. Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1. Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2. Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2. Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2. Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* I wish not so: unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good
Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. —
 I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) works him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment: —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi.

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life: —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you, it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon impotence of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument

that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemp-
 tible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but

frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats

to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return: — Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: — only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion,

and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *Post.* and *IACH.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em, [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1. *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. — [Exeunt *Ladies.*

Now, master doctor; have you brought these drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are madam: [presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not
been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none
human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your
heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio? —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word. — [*to Pisanio.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth
think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,

Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay:
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
*[The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes
it up.*

So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st
up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy
labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: — Nay, I pry'thee, take
it;

It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the
king

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*] — A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. — I have given him
that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; — well done, well
done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet: — Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that
husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[presents a letter,

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most
rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [reads.] — *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankful-
ly. —

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way,
and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the
judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well: — 'Beseech you,
sir, [To Pisanio.
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly
Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man, — who
knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But,
heavens know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I account his, beyond all ta-
lents, —

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray
you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol, join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood, as
 With labour), then lie peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
 my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double! to be
 partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd
 ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
 stuff,

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge
 it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! — I do condemn mine ears, that
 have

So long attended thee. — If thou wert ho-
 nourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue,
 not

For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. — What ho, Pisa-
 nio! —

The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good-
 nels

Her assur'd credit! — Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your
 pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty prince, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chafflers. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord,

(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled
sums,

To buy a present for the emperor;

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jew-
els,

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them

In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word,

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kifs'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whore-son jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2. *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2. *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, — A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down llke a cock that no body can match.

2. *Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1. *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2. *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1. *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1. *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1. *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2. *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.]*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this als! a woman,
that

Bears all down with her brain; and this her
son

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!

Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes
are weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me whol-
ly. [Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might
 touch!

But kifs; one kifs! — Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't! — 'Tis her breathing
 that

Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the
 taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
 lids,

To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
 Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd;
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. — But my
 design?

To note the chamber: — I will write all
 down: —

Such, and such, pictures; — There the window:
 — Such

The adornment of her bed; — The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such: — And the contents o'
 the story, —

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come
 off; — *[taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard! —

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock,
and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. — To
what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up; — I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three, — Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

S C E N E III.

An Ante-chamber, adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN, and Lords.

1. Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1. Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1. Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am
advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say,
it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, — and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;*

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat's-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With apiness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive
him

According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on
us

We must extend our notice. — Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. — Come,
our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if
not,

Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave,
ho! — [knocks.

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave. [knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: Whats your lordship's plea-
sure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of
you

What I shall think is good? — The princefs —

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with
me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me:
faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great
knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
nounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had
rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract,
 none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their
 souls

(On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not
 soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. — How now,
 Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee pre-
 sently: —

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse: — Go, bid my
woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit *Pis.*

Clo. You have abus'd me: —
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd: —

His meanest garment? — Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so
sure

To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer
made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. —
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that
we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour! —
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel; See! —
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove! —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is no-
thing: —

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being
Corrupted, hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't: — Back my ring; —
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'Tis true; — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I
am sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: — They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger? — No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this, — she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly. —

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

To

To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing: —
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father: — I'll do something — [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Britain. *A Room of state in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar
with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance
yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and
tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this
Britain,

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee
lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to re-
sume

We have again — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with

The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies'

boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
 conquest

Caesar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came, and saw, and overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was car-
 ried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
 ping,

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglot fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars:
other of them may have crook'd noses; but, to
owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
 hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but
 I have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we
 pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from us
 with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,
 we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no
 more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's
 ambition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of
Caesar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and
franchise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Caesar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then: — War, and confu-
sion,

In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee:
look

For fury not to be resisted: — Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons
cold:

So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Cla. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;

All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser? — Leonatus!

O, master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian

(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue. — O, my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I

Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? Do't: The letter
 [reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity: — O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bau-
ble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leo-
natus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
~~Let what is here contain'd relish of love,~~
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, —
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of
them,

For it doth physick love;) — of his content,
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: —

Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news,
gods! [reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even

*renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his
vow, and your, increasing in love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st, —

O, let me 'bate, — but not like me: — yet
long'st, —

But in a fainter kind: — O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak
thick,

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-
ing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the
way,

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the
gap

That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going,

And our return, to excuse: — but first, how
get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution,
man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf: — But this is
foolery: —

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me, pre-
sently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
And franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor
here,

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with
such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys.
This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and
bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without

Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair
heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
 hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon
 hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
 Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him, that makes them
fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known; well corresponding

With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;

A prison for a debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you? when we shall
hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen no-
thing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the
war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'
the search;

And bath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure: — O, boys, this
story

The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd
me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told
 you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
 vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty
 years,

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
 world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the
 mountains;

This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
 valleys. [*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are sons to the
 king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd
 up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts
 do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story: say, — *Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much
more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is
rous'd! —

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience,
knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand: — Ne'er long'd my mother
so

To see me first, as I have now: — Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafty'd him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises;
but from proof as strong as my grief, and as cer-
tain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pi-
sanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take
away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Mil-
ford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose:
Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me cer-
tain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour,
and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis slander;

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witnesses: —
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript: — to pieces with me! — O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
ing,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Aeneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity

From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my haud.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart; —

Something's afore't: — Soft, soft; we'll no de-
fence;

Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers: Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Pos-
thumus,

That did'st set up my disobedience 'gainst

The

The king my father, and make me put into contempt

The suits of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. — Pr'ythee, dispatch:

The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perfurb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

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E

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court, —

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's vo-
lume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

E 2

With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'y thee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: — May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven. —
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;
The due of honour in no point omit: —
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord,

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have crost the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the em-
peror
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
 The duty of the day: She looks us like
 A thing more made of malice than of duty;
 We have noted it. — Call her before us; for
 We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
 Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
 Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
 Can her contempt be answer'd?

Att. Please you, sir,
 Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no an-
 swer
 That will be given to the loud'st of noise we
 make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
 Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great
 court
 Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which
 I fear,
 Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
 I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. — [Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! —
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!
[Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and
royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that
point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall — Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
miss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *[presenting a letter.]*

Clo. Let's see't: — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by
this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. — Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry, — that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly, — I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon; — Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and

natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it! — Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. — To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's
speed

Be crost with flowness; labour be his meed!

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
 I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. — Milford,
 When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd
 thee,
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
 me,
 I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in full-
 ness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falshood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear
 lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
 thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. — But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. — Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend. — Ho! — No answer? then I'll
 enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERTUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I.
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be
here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-
tite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll
brouze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
'To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
Good troth,

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
 had found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
 meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In
 honesty
 I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: —
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such is yours: — Most wel-
 come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

If brothers? — 'Would it had been so,
 that they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my
 prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. *[whispering.]*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying
 by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
 gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth,
 come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
 supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the
 lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2. *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commis-
sion

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despatch. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-
RAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [*to Imo.*] remain here
in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [*to Imogen.*]
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; — yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave
me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,

My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

[*Aside.*

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base:

Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should be,

Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. —

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick: — *Pisanio,*

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-
after

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field: —

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. —

[*Exit Imogen.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away. —
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. — I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some am-
bush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: — We are held as outlaws: —
Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother
search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?

I have heard of such. — What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, or adder,
spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustick mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him,
 sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
 favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his: I am abso-
 lute,

'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
 Is oft the cure of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
 There was no money in't: not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
 none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to the gods,
they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us:
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,

My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
venges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done: —
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clot-poll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn musick.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
 dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in
 his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
 That we have made so much on. I had rather

Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
 My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
 The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
 Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed
 thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
 but I,
 Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
 How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
 Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
 cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
 His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
 put
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
 rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose;
 nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is not due debt. — To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, — Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces: —

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow. —

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again: Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BEL. GUI. and ARV.]

Imo. *[awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way? —

I thank you. — By yon bush? — Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins! — can it be six miles yet? —

I have gone all night: — 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow: — O, gods and goddesses! *[seeing the body.]*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on't. — I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so; 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! — The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —
Murder in heaven? — How? — 'Tis gone. —

Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! — O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. — How should this be?

Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was pre-
cious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with you rships:
They are here in readines.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now,
sir, —

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's
purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a
vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) —
Thus: —

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which por-
tends,

(Unless my sins abuse my divination,) —
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is
here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
time

It was a worthy building. — How! a page! —

Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. —

Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-
terest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing? or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: — Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good
friend,

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the
— gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee. — My
friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave: Come, arm him. — Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger: —
Heavens,

How

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my
mistress,

Hold me your loyal servant.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[to Pisanio.

1. *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

I am amaz'd with matter.

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,

That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. — Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
 boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead. — The time seems long; their blood
 thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
 Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
 wish'd
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
 ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little? — O, Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:

No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,

alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit

To second ills with ills, each elder worse;

And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.

But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey! — I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me

Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life

Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,

Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me than my habits show.

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin

The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS; he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn,
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from, where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some fall-
ling

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards livin

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, —
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may*

save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand. — These
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand,*
stand,

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, *turn'd*
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now our
cowards,

(Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need;) having found the back-
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they
wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their
friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,

Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry. [Exit.

Post. Still going? — This is a lord! O noble
misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their ho-
nours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. — Well, I
 will find him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter
 is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1. Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is
 taken:

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were
 angels.

2. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
 habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1. Cap. So 'tis reported:
 But none of them can be found. — Stand!
 Who's there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if se-
 conds
 Had answer'd him.

2. Cap. Lay hands on him; A dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you
have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had
rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good
gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease:

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes.

A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;

Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
mock'd,

To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;

And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like bardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2. *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting
upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The
ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! — How dare you
ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. — Rise, and
fade! —

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields: his royal
 bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof: — Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
 sire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
 born.

And so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that de-
 pend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I swerve;
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O,
rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a state-ly cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing: Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice:

trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: — Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; — I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS, and Messenger.]

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Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods
have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
 [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
 By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the
 time
 To ask of whence you are: — report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
 Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
 Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: — Why so
 sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
 And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
 To sour your happiness, I must report
 The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
 Would this report become? But I consider,
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
 I will report, so please you: These her women
 Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you;
 only
 Affected greatness got by you, not you:
 Married your royalty, was wife to your place;

Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? — Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lin-
g'ring,

By inches waste you: In which time she pur-
pos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: and in time,
(when

She had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the
loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have grant-
ed:

So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the
day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't: And so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd: never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,

Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me: —
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor
wherefore,

To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good
lad;

And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and
boys. —

Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele: — What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: *[Aside.]*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[Cym. and Imogen come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, *[to Iach]* step
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatnels, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. — On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? *[Aside.]*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours;

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.

Cymb. My daughter! what of her? Renew
thy strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature
will,

Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and
speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (ac-
curs'd

The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O,
'would

Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, lam-
ing

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye: —

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This
Posthumus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-
tion

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity — there it be-
gins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-banging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks, I see him now, —

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [coming forward.

Italian fiend! — Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! — O, give me cord, or knife, or
poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! — O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. *[striking her: she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress: — O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: — Help, help! —

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods! —

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. *[embracing him.]*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir, *[kneeling.]*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
you not;
You had a motive for't.

[to Guiderius and Arviragus.]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it
was,

That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death: By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed him
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him,
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did
 me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
 me
 With language that would make me spurn the
 sea,
 If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
 must
 Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;

[to the guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must;
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then. —

By leave; — Thou hadst, great king, a subject,
who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my
knee;

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these
children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world: —
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while. —

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more: — Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! — O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't. — O my gentle bro-
thers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But, I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where? how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why

Why fled you from the court? and whither?

These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counter-change;
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[to Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve
me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd; — That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
[kneels.

As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. — Good my lord
of Rome

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, —

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced by a piece of tender air; and when from
a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to
the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Post-
humus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
 [to Cym.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
 Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point
 Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin: — And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
 And to the Roman empire; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and
 hers,)
 Have lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely
 eagle,

The imperial Caesar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,

Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there: — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

A SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over
Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

K I N G L E A R.

* * THE story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306, edit. 1674,) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

The episode of Gloster and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, Son to Gloster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.
Curan, a Courtier.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I Thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again: — The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLO. and EDM.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there: — Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of

Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and

Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous so-

journ,

And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my
daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it. — Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the
matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, ho-

nour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech un-

able;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, — that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses;

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young
love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interests'd; what can yon say, to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
 carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, — Thy truth then be thy
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my
sight! — [To Cordelia.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her! — Call France; —
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still
retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy
doom;

And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies: nor fear to lose
it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[laying his hand on his sword.

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee
bestow

Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me! —

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;

And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus
thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[to Cordelia.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
said! —

And your large speeches may your deeds ap-
prove, [to Regan and Goneril.

That good effects may spring from words of
love. —

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this
king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness of-
fer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she
stands;

If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great
king, [to France.

I would not from your love make such a strav,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best
object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,

That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am
 richer;

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have
 it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd
 me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
 her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a
 father,
 That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
 being poor;
 Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
 neglect
 My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: — Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison. —
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
are;

And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd
you

At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE, and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word, — legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, ~~if this letter speed,~~
~~And my invention thrive, Edmund the base~~
~~Shall toe the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —~~
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! — Edmund! How now? what
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[putting up the letter.]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dis-
patch of it into your pocket? the quality of no-
thing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's
see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need
spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a
letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-
read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not
fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them, are
to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. *[reads.]* *This policy, and reverence of age,*
makes the world bitter to the best of our times;
keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot
relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bond-
age in the oppression of aged tyranny! who sways,
not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come
to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father
would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half
his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your
brother, Edgar. — Humph — Conspiracy! — Sleep
till I waked him, — you should enjoy half his re-
venue, — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write

this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: — Abominable villain! — Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place

you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. *This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! — Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and truehearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! — Strange! strange! [Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adul-

terers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. — Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key: — If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. — [Exit Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! — I see the business. —
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids
us

On every trifle: — When he returns from
hunting,

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: —
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you
please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to
question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are
one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away! — Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen
abus'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fel-
lows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: — I'll write straight to my
sister,
To hold my very course: — Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd
Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand con-
demn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou
lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get
it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what
art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st
thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;

to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho, dinner! — Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you, —

[Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho? — I think the world's asleep. — How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. — But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, call hither my fool. —

Re-enter STEWARD.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lords knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player.
[tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; — Here's my coxcomb.
[giving Kent his cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

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Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: —

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[to Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me, —

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there,

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away,
that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not
let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would
have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let
me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.
— Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee
two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the mid-
dle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the
egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the mid-
dle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine
als on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little
wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy
golden one away. If I speak like myself in this,
let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;

[Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of
songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou
madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou
gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own
breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep,

[Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

*That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle; Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to Gon.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a sheal'd peascod. [pointing to Lear.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto
you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the
fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses
sleep;

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left
darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make
use of that good wisdom whereof I know you
are fraught; and put away these dispositions,
which of late transform you from what you
rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse? — Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this
is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus?
Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens,
or his discernings are lethargy'd. — Sleeping or
waking? — Ha! sure 'tis not so. — Who is it
that can tell me who I am? Lear's shadow? I
would learn that; for by the marks of sovereign
ty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false per
suaded I had daughters. —

Fool. Which they will make an obedient fa-
ther.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be
wise:

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their man-
ners,

Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils! —
Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your dis-
order'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, sir,
are you come?
Is it your will? [*to Alb.*] speak, sir. — Prepare
my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a
child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Destested kite! thou liest: [*to Goneril.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. — O most small
fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, *[striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my
people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord. — Hear, nature, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruit-
ful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her; If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! — Away, away!

To have a thankful child. — Away, away, [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whence comes this?

Gen. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee; — Life and death! I am
asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus: [to Goneril.

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,

Should make thee worth them. — Blasts and
fogs upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond
eyes,

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. — Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: — Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her
nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
think

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald,
ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your
master. *[to the Fool.]*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. *[Exit.]*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: — A
hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I
say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness, — How
now, Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. *[Exit Stew.]* No, no,
my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what can'st thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong: —

Fool. Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. — So kind a father! — Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: 'Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! — Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. 'Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! —

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
 Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better!
 Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!
 My father hath set guard to take my brother;
 And I have one thing, of a queazy question,

Which I must act: — Briefness, and fortune,
work! —
Brother, a word; — descended: — Brother, I
say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: — O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the
night: —
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Corn-
wall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the
haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming, — Pardon
me: —

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon
you: —

Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.

Yield: — come before my father; — Light, ho,
here! —

Fly, brother; — Torches! torches! — So, fare-
wel. — *[Exit Edgar.]*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen
drunkards

Do more than this in sport. — Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand his auspicious mistress: —

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! — Go after. — [*Exit Serv.*]
By no means, — what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; — Sir, in fine,

Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found — Dispatch. — The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
deny,

(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why
he comes: —

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his pic-
ture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I
came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard
strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your
father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,

How

How in my strength you please. — For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you, —

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice: —
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, msdam:
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and STEWARD, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of
the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

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M

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whore-son, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pendar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon-shine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. *[drawing his sword.]*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: — draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
you neat slave, strike. [beating him.]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please;
come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter
here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the
king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your
valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in
thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make
a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a
painter, could not have made him so ill, though
they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I
have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary
letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I
will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and
daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my
grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear
a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues
as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinse t'unloose: smooth every
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renegue, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters;

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptick visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,
or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,

Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—

An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front, —

Corn. Whas mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a
plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be,
though I should win your displeasure to entreat
me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displea-
sure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
gart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold ma-
lice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks: —

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit
till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of: — Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do
so:

His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low cor-
rection

Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt REG. and CORN.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! — Nothing almost sees mi-
racles,
But misery; — I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, — seeking to give
Losses their remedies: — All weary and o'er-
watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel!

[He sleeps.]

S C E N E III.

A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may
 sape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought,
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans, sometime with
prayers,

Inforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!

That's something yet; — Edgar I nothing am.
[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pas-
time?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, painting
forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so sancily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The same which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what
you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a
train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All
that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but
blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty,
but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy
hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest
it break thy neck with following it; but the great
one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee af-
ter. When a wise man gives thee better counsel,
give me mine again: I would have none but
knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the firy quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —
Firy? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his
wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this? — My breath and
blood! —

Firy? the firy duke? — Tell the hot duke,
that —

No, but not yet: — may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. — Death on my state!
 wherefore [looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, I
 That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with
 them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear
 me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! — but,
 down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to
 the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive;
 she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
 cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother,
 that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his
 hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
 Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
 reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be
 glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
 Sepulch'ring an adultress. — O, are you free?

— [to Kent.

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,
 Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here, —
[points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
 Of how depriv'd a quality — O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have
 hope,

You less know how to value her desert,
 Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
 Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome
 end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
 Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
 By some discretion, that discerns your state
 Better than you yourself; Therefore, I pray you,
 That to our sister you do make return;
 Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
 Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
 Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
 Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, *[kneeling.]*
 That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
 tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
 She hath abated me of half my train;
 Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
 tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart: —
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs; drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood
is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? *[Trumpet within.]*

Corn. What trumpeter's that?

Enter STEWARD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,
That she would soon be here. — Is your lady
come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the sickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope

Thou did'st not know of't. — Who comes here?
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part! —

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? —
[to Goneril.

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i'
the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provi-
sion

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;

To

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot; — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy lei-
sure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What fifty fol-
lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of
more?

Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty; to no more

Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number: What, must I come to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,

Stands in some rank of praise: — I'll go with
thee; [to Goneril.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. — But, for true need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall — I will do such things, —

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep: —

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or ere I'll weep: — O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: — he is re-
turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse? but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-
self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;

He is attended with a desperate train;

And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-
jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars

Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—

[But, true it is, from France there comes a power

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point

To shew their open banner. — Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report

Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;

And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more

Than my out wall, open this purse, and take

What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,

(As fear not but you shall,) shew her this ring;

And she will tell you who your fellow is

That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which
 your pain
 That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

— S C E N E II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!
 blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanos, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
 cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking
 thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
 house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
 Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing;
 here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,
 rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man: —
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse; —
So beggars marry many.*

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

— for there was never yet fair woman, but she
made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;
that's, a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and ~~thou simular~~ man of virtue
That art incestuous: ~~Caitiff, to pieces shake,~~
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art
cold?

I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my
heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit, —

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, —
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. — I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build;—

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see it,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; — 'tis

dangerous to be spoken; — I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too: — This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A part of the heath, with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
 mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't? — But I will punish
 home: —

No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
 To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! —
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
 all, —

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that, —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
 ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go
 in: —

In, boy; go first. — [*to the Fool.*] You houseless
 poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —
 [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
 you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
wind. —

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor: — Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. — O, do de, do de, do de. — Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now, — and there, — and there, — and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? —
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill; —

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in sleath, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

— Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says *anum*, *mun*, *ha no nonny*, *dolphin my boy*, *my boy*, *sessa*; let him trot by.

[*Storm still.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume: — Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated! — Thou art the king itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings: — Come; unbutton here. —

[*tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in. — Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold. — Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, *Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditchdog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear, —

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower: — Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mudo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher: —

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer; Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban: —

What is your study?

Edg.

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my
lord,

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death: — Ah, that good
Kent! —

He said it would be thus: — Poor banish'd
man! —

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my
life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend, —

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm still.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
this!

I do beseech your grace, —

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep
thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take
the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words; hush.

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O

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: — The gods reward your kindness! *[Exit GLOSTER.]*

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon them: —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight: —

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; —

[to Edgar.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. *[To the Fool.]* — Now, you she foxes! —

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! —
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: —

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak*

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first: — Bring in the evidence. —

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; —

[To Edgar.

And thou, his yoke fellow of equity, [To the Fool.

Bench by his side: — You are of the commission,

Sit you too.

[To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shephérð?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: — A-
vaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. *Sessa.* Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market towns; — Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see
what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause
in nature, that makes these hard hearts? — You,
sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only,
I do not like the fashion of your garments: you
will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be
changed. [*to Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'
the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king
my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits
are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps: —

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. — Come, help to bear thy
master;

Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing
off the king.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;

Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that, which makes me bend, makes the
king bow;
He childed, as I father'd! — Tom, away:
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-
files thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, Lurk.] [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and
Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
shew him this letter: — the army of France is
landed: — Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Ed-
mund, keep you our sister company; the revenges
we are bound to take upon your traitorous father,
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most festinate prepa-
ration; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall
be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel,
dear sister; — farewel, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, and EDMUND.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces? — Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard: — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him: — Villain, thou shalt find — [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
 You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
 from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
 truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
 the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the luna-
 tick king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
 Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril —

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first an-
 swer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to the stake, and I must stand
 the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
 Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd
 up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old
 heart,

He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
 Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the*
key;

All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never: — Fellows, hold
the chair: —

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: — O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other
too.

Corn. If you see vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! *[draws, and runs at him.]*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. — *[to another Serv.]*
A peasant stand up thus!

[snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, yet have you
one eye left

To see some mischief on him: — O! *[dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it: — Out,
vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*[Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it
on the ground.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my
son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd. —

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord? How
look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: — Follow me,
lady. —

Turn out that eyeless villain; — throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — *Regan*, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN; — Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1. *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1. *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
ness
Allows itself to any thing.

2. *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [Exeunt severally.]

A C T I V. S C E N E I.

*The Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes
here? —

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O
world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
 years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be
 gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. — Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, This is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not
 beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
 Which made me think a man a worm: My son
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
 Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
 more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? —

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sor-
row,

Ang'ring itself and others. [Aside.] — Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
 sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
 I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I
have.

Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — I cannot daub it
further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

— Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his
good wits: Bless the good man from the foul
fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at
once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince
of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder;
and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who
since possesses chamber-maids and waitingwomen.
So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quick-
ly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know
Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Before the duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband
Not met us on the way: — Now, where's your
master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so
chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it. I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's trea-
chery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out: —
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [to Edm.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on
the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[giving a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air; —
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Stew.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile:

Filths

Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you mad-
ded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
To other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
morse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord. —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take
his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd a-
gainst him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their pu-
nishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the
king,

And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither,
friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. — [*Exeunt.*

[S C E N E III.

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of;
which

Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and
necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le
Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. *[Exit an Officer.]* —

What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress! — Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something — I know not what: — I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ociliads, and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from
 you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
 would shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dress'd like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
 same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how
 we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
 perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice it alter'd; and thou speak'st
 In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am
 I chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: — stand
still. — How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-
way air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way
down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now
within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and
gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed part o' nature, should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, blefs him! —
 Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps, and falls along.]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell. —

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: Had he been where he
 thought,

By this, had thought been past. — Alive, or
 dead?

Ho, you sir! friend! — Hear you, sir? —
 speak!

Thus might he pass indeed: — Yet he revives:
 What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossomer,
 feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
 breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
 art sound.

Then masts at each make not the altitude,
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
 Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
 bourn!

Look up a-height; — the shrill-gorg'd lark so
 far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some com-
 fort.

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: — So; — How is't? Feel you your legs?
You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was
that

Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav' like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy fa-
ther,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But
who comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically drest up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. —
There's your press-money. That fellow handles

his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; — this piece of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills. — O, well flown, bird! — i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said! — Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy
cause? —

Adultery. —

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive,
For Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his fa-
ther,

Than my daughters got 'tween the lawful
sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. —

Behold yon' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends; there's hell, there's
darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
scalding, stench, consumption; — Fie, fie, fie!
pah! pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's
money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world
Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou
know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,
blind Cupid; I'll not love. — Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not
see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; —
it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light:
Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine

ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office. —

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand: Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear; Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots; — harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither. Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry: — I will preach to thee;
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
are come

To this great stage of fools; — This a good
block? —

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof:
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-
law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him. —
Sir,

Your most dear daughter —

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust,

Gent. Good sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get
it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit, running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch;
Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one
daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main
descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy
traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: — The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without further 'ca-
sion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'nd ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as
'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old
man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether
your costard or my bat be the harder: Ch'll be
plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: — Villain,
take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party: — O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;

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As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. —
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
of,

May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only
sorry

He had no other death's-men. — Let us see: —
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd.*
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if
your will want not, time and place will be fruit-
fully offered. There is nothing done, if he return
the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his
bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof
deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affec-
tionate servant,

Goneril.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA, and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too
short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-
pay'd.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord. —
How does the king? [to the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near. — Louder the
musick there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
O quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to
him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave: —

Thou art a soul in blifs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? —

Fair daylight? —
I am mightily abus'd. — I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus. — I know not what to
say. —

I will not swear, these are my hands: — let's
see;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at
me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith, I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,

Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and
foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Attendants.

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.]
[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: — bring his constant pleasure. [to an Officer, who goes out.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not: —
She, and the duke her husband, —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that
Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met, —
Sir, this I hear, — The king is come to his
daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. *[Where I could not be*

honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your
tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with
us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: *[Aside.]* I will
go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

*[Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.]*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I
seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. *[Exit.]*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND,

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces

By diligent discovery; — but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *[Exit.]*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be en-
 joy'd,
 If both remain alive: To take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
 And hardly shall I carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being
 done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia, —
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
 LEAR, CORDELIA, and their forces; and
 exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR, and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
 tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may
 thrive:
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.—

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:

Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND;
LEAR, and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, etc.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. —

Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too, —
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's
out; —
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear
out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
 caught thee?
 He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from
 heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine
 eyes;
 The gouteers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
 starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR, and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, fol-
 low them to prison:
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this, — that
men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: — Thy great em-
ployment
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.
 Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou
hast done.

Mark, — I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit *Off.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Offi-
cers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant
strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the cap-
tives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this
time,

We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness: —
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should an-
swer

From a full-flowing stomach. — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [to EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: — Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*pointing to Gon.*] — for your
claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: — Let the
trumpet sound: —

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll
prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange: [*throwing down a
glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy sol-
diers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet sound, —
And read out this.

Off. Sound trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[*1. trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*2. trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*3. trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears.
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl
of Gloster?

Edm. Himself; — What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold,

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, —
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and emi-
nence,

Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-
like,

And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I tols these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant
way,

Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets,
speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: — Hold,
sir: —

Thou worse than any name, read thine own
evil: —

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[gives the letter to Edmund.

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not
thine:

Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GONERIL.

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern
her. [to an Officer, who goes out.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it
out;

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art
noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: — I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your
father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale; —

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst! —

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweet-
ness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his
guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you
on;

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it
in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a
man,

Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong
arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet
sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in
disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;—
It came even from the heart of —

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her
sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all
three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead! —
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,
'Touches us not with pity. [Exit *Gent.*

Enter *KENT.*

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! —
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia? —
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of Goneril and Regan are
brought in.

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: — Some good I mean
to do,

Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send, —
Be brief in it, — to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: —
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run —

Edg. To who, my lord? — Who has the
office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee for thy life. [Exit EDGAR.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [Edmund is borne off.

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! — O, you
are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack: — O, she is
gone for ever! —

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth: — Lend me a looking-
glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be
so,

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [kneeling.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ever! —

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever
soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in wo-
man: —

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting
faulchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are
you?

Mine eyes are none o' the best: — I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not
Kent?

Kent. The same;

Yours ervant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: — He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man; —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly. —
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain
it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. —
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: — You, to your
rights: [to Edgar and Kent.

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited, — All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never! —

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir. —
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, —
her lips, —

Look there, look there! — [He dies.

Edg. He faints! — My lord, my lord, —

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough
world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. — Our present
business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[to Kent, and Edgar.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to
say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are
young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march.]

ROMEO AND JULIET

ROMEO AND JULIET

ROMEO AND JULIET.

What here shall I, or tell shall I
To which it you with patient ears attend,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

P R O L O G U E.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

** THE original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; and shortly afterwards Boistean exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boistean's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, it is mentioned.

Persons Represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague,) *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
Capulet,) *each other.*

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.

Romeo, *son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*

Friar John, *of the same order.*

Balthasar, *servant to Romeo.*

Sampson,) *servants to Capulet.*
Gregory,)

Abram, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Citizens, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE *during the greater part of the play, in Verona: once in the fifth Act at Mantua.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. GREGORY, o' my word we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is — to stir; and to be valiant, is — to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM, and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam.

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say — ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say — better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Vol. VII.

S

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

I. Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? — Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —

Will they not hear? — what ho! you men, you
beasts, —

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civil brawl, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and
Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach? —

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La Mon. O, where is Romeo! — saw you him
to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, — underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city's side, —
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own, —
That most are busied when they are most
alone, —

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say, how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

— *Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away,
[*Exeunt MONTAGUE, and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: — What sadness lengthens Ro-
meo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled
still,

Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray
was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love: —

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-chapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! —

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. —

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preat

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madnels most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewel, my coz.

[going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his
will: —

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you
lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man! — And she's
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to
think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,

One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the beel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me; — Go, sirrah, trudge about
Throug fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper.*]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET, and PARIS.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written — that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last,
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with
his nets; but I am sent to find those persons,
whose names are here writ, and can never find
what names the writing person hath here writ.
I must to the learned: — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO, and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's
languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that.

Ecn. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. Good gi' good e'en. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [reads.

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and
his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Va-
lentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daugh-
ters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Va-
lention, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the live-
ly Helena.*

A fair assembly; [gives back the note.] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be

not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falshood, then turn tears to
fires!

And these, — who, often drown'd, could never
die, —

Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being
by,

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call
her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, — at twelve
year old, —

I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, lady-bird! —

God forbid! — where's this girl? — what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —

She's not fourteen: How long is't now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she, — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua: —

Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said,
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
 throw,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband — God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man; — took up the child:

Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said — *Ay:*

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?*

 quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said, — *Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
 thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but
 laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say — *Ay:*

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said — *Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
 say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
 to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of: — Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,
I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief; —
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. — Juliet the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity;
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, — I am not for this
ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing
shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with
love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
down. —

Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.
A visor for a visor! — what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner
in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of
heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, —

I'll

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on, —
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou
stick'st

Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this
mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream
things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
 love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
 straight:
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on
 fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted
 are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace:
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams:
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that bath the steerage of my course.
Direct my sail! — On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a
trencher!

2. *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too,
'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate: — good
thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as
thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-
stone, and Nell. — Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, etc. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: —

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please; — 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up, And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. —

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder,
sir;

His son is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mon-
tague: —

Fetch me my rapier, boy: — What! dares the
— slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore
storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spight,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.

He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
 I'll not endure him.

1. Cap. He shall be endur'd;
 What, Goodman boy! — I say, he shall; — Go
 to; —

Am I the master here, or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him! — God shall mend my
 soul —

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1. Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy: — Is't so, indeed? —
 This trick may chance to scathe you; — I know
 what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time —
 Well said, my hearts: — You are a princox;
 go: —

Be quiet, or — More light, more light, for
 shame! —
 I'll make you quiet; What! — Cheerly, my
 hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
 meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greet-
 ing.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[to Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, —
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

I. Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be
gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. —

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here! — Come on, then let's to
bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*to 2. Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would
not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: — if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon: —

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would
die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to
meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is
here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too. —

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but — Ah me! pronounce but — love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid. —

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. —

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spight: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a meddlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. —
Ah, Romeo, that she were, ah, that she were
An open — *etcaetera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night; — I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were! —

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres, till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
 this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; —
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
 in night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
 sound;
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and
 wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
 these walls;
 For stony limits cannot hold love out:
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
 sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
 here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
quire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say —

Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in
thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
To flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

Nur. [within.] Madam.

Jul. I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not
well,

I do beseech thee, —

Nurse. [within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by, I come: —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, —

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want
thy light. —

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

[retiring slowly.

Re-enter

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a faulconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. Madam.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks in back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow.
[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast! —

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair
use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapply'd;
And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature:
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies:
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
 drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my hearts dear love
 is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers it set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence
 then —
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in
 men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

i. For doting, t for loving, pupil mine.

Fr no

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Frs. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run
fast. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
— Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his
man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, — of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! — By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: — O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,

but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say — such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning — to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word — broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Then desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; — For himself to mar, quoth'a? — Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that love to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that schall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt gills; I am none of his skains mates: — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, — that you do ptotest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewel! — Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewel! — Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven blefs thee! — Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say —

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee: my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress in the sweetest lady — Lord, lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, — there's a nobleman in town one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, shee looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, and Peter.

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what
news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O lord! why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while; —
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I
had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I
thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; — good, good
nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay
awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath

To say to me — that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is they news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!
no, not he; though 'his face be better than any
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand,
and a foot, and a body, — though they be not to
be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is
not the flower of courtesy, — but, I'll warrant

him, as gentle as a lamb. — Go thy ways, wench; serve God: — What, have you dined at home?

Jul No, no: But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side, — O, my back, my back! —

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous: — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? — why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

Your love says like an honest gentleman, — Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aking bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; — Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your
cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight:
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! — honest nurse,
farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow
can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kils, consume: The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamours
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both,

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be
more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

Brag of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excels,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A publick Place,

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me
no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the se-
cond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed,
there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to
be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but because
thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye,
would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as
full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet
thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg,
for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man

for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. —

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:

Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him —
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford

No better term than this — Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: — Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. — [draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
 Beat down their weapons: — Gentlemen, for
 shame
 Forbear this outrage; — Tybalt — Mercutio —
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets: — hold, Tybalt; — good
 Mercutio.

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.*

Mer. I am hurt; —
 A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped: —
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
 enough. —

Where is my Page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so
wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill
serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find
me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for
this world: — A plague o' both your houses! —
 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
 a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain,
 that fights by the book of arithmetick! — Why,
 the devil, came you between us? I was hurt
 under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
 Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your
 houses!

They have made worm's meat of me:
 I have it, and soundly too: — Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO, and BENVOLIO.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
 my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: — O sweet Juliet,
The beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's
dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days
doth depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back
again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: —

Stand not amaz'd: — the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken: — hence! — be gone! —
away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, etc.

1. Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way run he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and Others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art
true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: — all this — uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd, —

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than
 his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:

But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt
 slain;

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black
 strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life:
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must
 give;

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth
 owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;

His fault concludes but, what the law should
 end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
 ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,

Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fire-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
 As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
 bold,
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night! — Come, Romeo! come, thou
 day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a ravens back. —
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that
speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly elo-
quence. —
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone! —
Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: — O Romeo! Ro-
meo! —

Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an I;

Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, I.

If he be slain, say — I; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; — I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? —

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished; Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! — did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? —
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua*
vitae: —

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my hus-
band?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled
it? —

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

As this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished;

That — *banished*, that one word — *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalt's. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or, — if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —

Why follow'd not, when she said — Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished, — to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead: — *Romeo is banished*, —

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: — Poor ropes, you are
beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: — I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth; thou
fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say —
death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona
walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind
prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But — banished — to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word — banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak
a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-
ment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? — Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no
ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. *[Knocking within.]*

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? — Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken: — Stay a while: — stand up; *[Knocking.]*

Run to my study: — By and by: — God's will!

What wilfulness is this? — I come, I come.

[Knocking.]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. *[within.]* Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy! Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering: —

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom.

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! — Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what
says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps
and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that names cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — O tell me, friar, tell
me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [drawing his sword.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

In thee at once; which thou at once would'st
lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
wit;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy
too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy
friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pals to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time

To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all
 the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! —
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
 chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
 sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit Nurse.]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
 this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands
 all your state; —

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good
 night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on
 me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewel. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I; — Well, we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
woo:

Madam, good night: commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early
to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it
not. —

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wednesday
next —

But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, wednesday is
too soon,

O' thursday let it be; — o' thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl: —
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado; — a friend, or two: —

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to thurs-
day?

Par. My lord, I would that thursday were to-
morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: — O' thursday be
it then: —

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber,
ho!

Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by: — Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO, and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone:

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so,
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change
eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? — more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [Romeo descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord!
my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see the, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do
you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[Exit Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mo-
ther?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, —

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, —

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed: —
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. — O, how my heart ab-
hors

To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to
him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful
time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful fa-
ther, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is
that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next thurs-
day morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to
woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris: — These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him
so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
dew;

But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy bo-
dy is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with
them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she
gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with
you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop-logick?

What is this?

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank
you not; —

And yet not proud; — Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
gage!

You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what, — get thee to church o'thurs-
day,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us
blest,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her! —

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now pro-
vided

A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man, —
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer — *I'll not wed, — I cannot love,
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me; —*
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house
with me;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.

Jul. O God! — O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? — comfort me, counsel me. —
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself! —
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of
joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. Ay, and from my soul;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin — to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS.

Fri. On thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May, be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd. — [*Aside.*]

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Bar. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no wrong, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now: —

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kifs.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past
help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From

From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
 bears;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapels' skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give con-
 sent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
 help afford.

Farewel, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. —
[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
 try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
 lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot
 lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone. — [*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth,

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have
you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon: — Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, —
stand up:

This is as't should be. — Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: — we'll to
church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET, and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife:

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; — let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What,
ho! —

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET, and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: — But, gentle
nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of
sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need
my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,

In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewel! — God knows, when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me; —

Nurse! — What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —

Come, phial. —

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county? —

No, no; — this shall forbid it: — lie thou
there. — *[laying down a dagger.]*

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought. —

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes!

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place, —

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking, — what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause; and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! — Now,
fellow,

What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1. Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Serv.*] —
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

2. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit*

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whoreson!
ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis
day:

The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near: —

Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, Nurse,
I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris: — Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
 Make haste, I say! [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistrefs! — what, mistrefs! — Juliet! —
 fast, I warrant her, she: —
 Why, lamb! — why, lady! — fie, you slug-a-
 bed! —
 Why, love, I say! — madam! — sweet-heart! —
 why, bride! —
 What, not a word? — you take your penny-
 worths now;
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
 The county Paris hath set up his rest,
 That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her! — Madam! madam!
 madam!
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
 He'll fright you up; i'faith. — Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down
 again!
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 Alas! alas! — Help! help! my lady's dead! —
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
 Some aqua-vitae, ho! — my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! — my child, my only
life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
Help, help! — call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack
the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her: — Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride: — See, there
she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hate-
ful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day! most woeful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted,
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown! —

O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd! —

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity? —

O child! O child! — my soul, and not my
child! —

Dead art thou! — alack! my child is dead;

And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was — her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
 She't not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
 In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral:
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with
 him; —

And go, sir Paris; — every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will. ?

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,
 and FRIAR.

1. *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
 be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
 up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be
 amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease*, *heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play — *heart's ease*.

1. *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays — *My heart is full of woe*: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1. *Mns.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger: — Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

Why *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. *Mus.* I say — *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! — What say you, James Sound-post?

3. *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is — *musick with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding: —

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress.

[Exit, singing.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy my stars! —
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus;
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means: — O, mischief! thou art
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said —
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house:
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. — I see, that thou
 art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
 law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-
 nefs,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
 souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
 sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAWRENCE.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar
 John. —

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 One of our order, to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting

Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *[Exit.]*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to
the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and
stand aloof; —

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,

(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,) But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.

[retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain The perfect model of eternity; Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain, Accept this latest favour at my hands; That living honour'd thee, and, being dead, With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The boy whistles.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach. What cursed foot wanders this way to-night, To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites? What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[retires.

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof. And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death, Is, partly, to behold my lady's face: But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring; a ring, that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:— But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy
limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship. —
Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*breaking up the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd, —

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. —

[*advances.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me; — think upon these
gone;

Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee, youth,

Heap not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury: — O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone; — live, and hereafter say —
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
 thee, boy. *[They fight.]*

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
 watch. *[Exit Page.]*

Par. O, I am slain! *[falls.]* — If thou be
 merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will: — Let me peruse this
 face; —

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris: —
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
 A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: O, how may I
 Call this a lightning? — O, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look
 your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doots of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! — [*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die.
 [*dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar
 LAWRENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
 night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves? — Who's
 there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.

Fri. Blifs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone: — Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? —

[*advances.*

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulcher? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind
hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes, and stirs.*

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: — Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

Fri. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from
that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet, — [*Noise again.*] I dare
stay no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: —
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

1. Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy: — Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? — then I'll be brief. — O happy
dagger! [*snatching Romeo's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and
let me die.

[*falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1. Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about
the church-yard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Montagues, — some others search; —

[*Exeunt other watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him
in the church-yard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1. *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar
too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry — Ro-
meo,

Some — Juliet, and some — Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-
meo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens! — O, wife! look how our
daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early
up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, — to remove that siege of grief from her, —
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris: — Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man. —

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it. —
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the
watch? —

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes — that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! —
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: — all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:

For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Shakespeare, William,

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